SISTERS By KATHLEEN NORRIS Author of "Josselyn's Wife" (Copyright, 1919, by Kathleen Norris)

THIS STARTS THE STORY THIS STABTS THE STORY
Doctor Strickland, his two daughers, Alix and Cherry, and his nice, inne, live together in the California redwoods, and Peter Joyce, their eighbor, comes and goes at will. fartin Lloyd, a visiting engineer, proses to Cherry. Peter has a stab of some to Cherry. Peter has a stab of some to Cherry. Peter has a stab of some as he realizes that this is actually true. Anne and Justin Little marry, true. Anne and Justin Little marry, true. Anne and Justin Little marry on the continues her visit after the redding. Martin changes his position or one which he likes no better than he former one. "And when does he sant his little girl," the doctor asks therry. "He doesn't say, "Cherry anwered. "Mart doesn't mention any me," mused the doctor.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

AND HERE IT CONTINUES HANKS to you!" Cherry said, dimpling mischlevously. "He wrote e firmly, just before Christmas," she ed, "but I told him that dad had such an angel and liked so much to me here—" And Cher full of childish triumph.

My dear," her father said, spurred sudden courage by a realization that matter might easily become serious, mustn't abuse his generosity. Supyou write that you'll join himis March-suppose you say the first

strembled. There was a moment of strembled. There was a moment of strembled. There was a moment of stappy silence.

Very well, dad," she said, in a low los. A second later she had jumped her feet and vanished in the house, or father roamed the woods in wretch-misgivings, coming in at lunch time find her in her place, smilling, but less of tears about her lovely eyes. Nothing more was said for a day or and then Cherry read aloud to tree mily an affectionate letter in which stin said that everything would be said and that everything would be said that everything would be said supposed to have come on a rush perfume and green beauty. Days all subsets with color and spiendor, sit broke clear and blue, and with it ing seemed to have come on a rush gerfume and green beauty. Days along seemed to have come on a rush green beauty. Days along seemed to have come on a rush gerfume and green beauty. Days along seemed to have come on a rush green beauty. Days along seemed to have come on a rush green beauty. Days along seemed to have come on a rush green beauty. Days along seemed to have come on a rush green beauty. Days along seemed to have come on a rush green beauty bushes were mounds and soft and warm brefore; this day was tand flushed with color and spiendor, sit broke clear and blue, and with a sudden unexpected emotion. What was it? Not the rush of feeling; hurt in sealed with the rush of feeling; hurt in seem and unlike every trace with the rush of feeling; hurt in seem and surface was not good nough felt that Peter was not good enough felt that Peter was not good enough felt that Peter was not good enough felt that Peter was not good enough. Alix and Cherry's tone.

"And she said no?" she stammered in the last year of the lot offer, and she intimated that that was all extremely sketchy!"

"There was actual sisterly indignation in Cherry's tone.

"Oh, heavens, how I love this sort of ather!" Alix exclaimed, flinging her year of the lot of the peter. The lot of the peter. That I had told her, only a few days previous

I sat smoking peacefully on the porch ps.

Oh, heavens, how I love this sort of ather!" Alix exclaimed, flinging her with mine backward, her tall figure inder in a faded kimono. She sat with crosswise on her chair, locked her me about its back, dropped her face them, and yawned luxuriously. "Dad if Peter," she went on, suddenly sitted erect, "will get all this nice clean ir full of cigar smoke tonight, so at's the use, anyway?"

"Tonight's the night we go to Peter?"

terry stated rather than asked, "Do it remember," she glanced at her ther, who was reading his paper, "do it remember when dad always used to old us for being rude to Peter?"

"Well, I'd rather go to Peter?"

"Well, I'd rather go to Peter's for mer than anywhere else it ever go!" ix remarked, dreamily "Seriously, I san it!" she repeated as Cherry looked her in amused surprise. "In the mt place, I love his bungalow—tiny as is, it has the whole of a little canyon itself, and the prettiest view in the essy sitting room, with all the books id music, and I love the way Peter entrains. I wish," she added, simply, sat I liked Peter half as well as I do shouse!"

"Peter's a dear!" Cherry contended.

house!"
Peter's a dear!" Cherry contended.
"Oh, I know he is!" Allx said, quickly,
ter's always been a dear, of course.
I mean in a special sense—"find Allx with an entirely unembared grin.

ed grin.
herry, through a glittering cloud of r, looked at her steadily. Suddenly gave an odd laugh.
'Do you know I never thought of ter like that," she said.
Alix nodded with a cautious look at r father who was out of hearing.
"No, nor I! We've always taken him ther for granted," she admitted. "Only e been rather wishing, lately, that ter wasn't such an unflattering, big-

naping she would have said that is not going to change for Peter's ; but this afternoon, without menties that the fact, she quietly got into one prettiest dresses; a dress that add in the long-ago excitement of an days. Peter as a rather automad critical neighbor was one as a possible brother-in-law he tother.

downstairs to find her father and they walked away through its together. All had already to Peter's house to play tennis. Iked slowly through the lovely the trees, crossing a road or nbing steadily upward under twoods.

chamoing steadily upward under at redwoods. The forest was thinning with oaks and drone trees, and they found the sunit again high on the crest of the ridge ore a turn of the trail brought them view of Peter's bungalow. It was a aby little place, all porch and slope rough brown roof, set in a wilderness wild flowers and overlooking long dealing slopes of hillside that stretched away to the very bay and marshes the ocean mouth. Onlight the spring sunshine streamed oss it with broad shadows, the mounts rough crest stood against a wide sinse of sunset sky. Cherry's skirt is shed the gold dust from masses and saes of buttercup. The tennis was rebut just over; Peter and Alix were ling, still panting, on the rail of the les open porch, and shouted as the ers came up.

You missed doubles!" called Alix.

came up.

came up.

d missed doubles!" called Alix. if desired the Thompsons and three sets the Thompsons and three sets the Thompsons and Thompsons

game and set!"
erry, sinking white and frilly into
air, smiled induigently. The walk
given her a wild-rose color, and
Alix was struck with her extraorry beauty. Alix had wheeled about
he rail to face the porch, and Peter
gotten to his feet and was hospitapushing basket chairs about. Now
ave Alix a critical look.
ou're disgracefully dirty!" he said,
rnally.

aternally.

"I know it." she answered, calmly.

Have I time to tub?"

"All the time in the world!" he an-

ire any clothes of mine here?" fur-

Are any clothes of mine here?" furdemanded Alix, rising lazily.
Yes, there's a blouse. It's in the
a closet; ask Kow for it or get it
rself when you get your towels. You
it the day you changed here after
all climbed the mountain. I hope
people are going to get enough to
Peter added, flinging himself into
hair beside Cherry.
He's been cooking it since break-

fast!" Alix remarked, departing. Peter laughed guiltily, and Cherry, too. It was only an exaggeration of the simple truth. He loved to cook, and his meals were famous

"It's very pleasant to me to have Alix so much at home here." Cherry said, when Alix was gone, and the doctor wandering happily about the garden. "I don't know what we'd do if any one ever usurped our places here!"

She had said it deliberately: the fas-

usurped our places here!"

She had said it deliberately; the fascination of her recent discovery was too strong to resist. The man flushed suddenly. For a full minute he did not speak, and Cherry was surprised to find herself a little thrilled and even frightened by his silence.

"What put that into your head?" he asked, presently, smoking with his eyes fixed upon the valley far below.

"Just—being here," she answered. And as he glanced over his shoulder he met her smile.

"You've been here a thousand times

told him that dad had nigel and liked so much to —" And Cherry's smile lidish triumph. The father said, spurred age by a realization that the easily become serious, buse his generosity. Supet that you'll join him—suppose you say the first same."

The smile.

"You've been here a thousand times without ever paying me a compliment!" he reminded her.

Cherry considered this, her brows drawn a trifle together.

"Perhaps," she offered, presently, "it's because there are so many changes, Peter; my marriage, Anne's—everything different! It just came to me that it is nice to have this always the same."

"Perhaps Alix will come up here and help keep it so some day." the man said.

April?"

therry flushed and looked down. Her tembled. There was a moment of tembled. There was a moment of tembled. There was a moment of the surprise and pleasure. She was silent for a serious glance.

years of the old century for Peter, "Oh, and—and she didn't love you?" Cherry asked.

"The lady? She was unfortunately married before I had a chance to ask her," said Peter.

"Oh-h-h!" Cherry said again, impressed, "and you'll never get over it?" she asked, timidiy. "Peter, I never knew that!" she added as he was silent. "Does—does dad know?"

"Nobody knows but Alix, and she only knows the bare facts," he assured her. "Oh!" Cherry could think of nothing to add to the sympathetic little monosyllable. Twilight was reaching even the hilltop, the canyons were filling with violet shadows; the sweet, pungent odor of the first dew, falling on warm dust, crept across the serden.

"Findshed with the shower!" shrieked Alix from the warm darkness inside the doorway. "Hurry up, Peter, something smells utterly grand!"

"That's the chicken thing!" Peter shouted back, springing up to disappear in the direction of the bathroom, Cherry sat on, silent, wrapped still in the new spell of the pleasant voice, the strangely appealing and yet masterful personality.

The dinner straggled as all Peter's dinners did; Alix mixed a salad-dressing; Peter himself flashed in and out of the tiny, hot kitchen a hundred times, Kow, in immaculate linen, came back and forth in leisurely table-setting. Suddenly everything was ready; the crisp, smoking-hot French loaf, the big, brown jar of bubbling and odorous chicken, the lettuce curled in its bowl, the long-necked bottles in their straw cases, and cheeses and crackers and olives and figs and tiny fish in oil and

ther for granted," she admitted. "Only be been rather wishing, lately, that ter wasn't such an unflattering, big-otherish, every-day-neighbor sort of son." here yes, and unflattering, big-otherish, every-day-neighbor sort of son." here yes, every-day-neighbor sort of son. Here yes, every-day-neighbor sort of son. Here yes, every-day-neighbor sort of son. Here yes, every deep son. Here yes, every deep son. Here yes, every-day-neighbor sort of son. Here yes, every deep son. And he is not a child. He's thirty-ven. And i imagine he's awfully hely. And then I imagine it would well. And he is not a child. He's thirty-ven. And i imagine he's awfully hely. And then I imagine it would well. Cherry said, thoughtfully, her possibly in love with Alix. She do never even suspected it. Peter's itude toward them all had been more ternal than anything else. Cherry thought about it has a for the same and their friends. Peter and Alix. Well, there was someties and their friends. Peter and Alix. Well, there was someties and their friends. Peter and Alix well, there was someties and their friends. Peter and Alix. Well, there was someties and their friends. Peter and his affairs to Alix. Alix urned fiery red, but laughed heartily. Next day she took occasion to mention peter and his affairs to Alix. Alix urned fiery red, but laughed heartily. If he considers that an offer, he can consider it a refusal, I guess, she said boyish yembarrassed. "I like him—I'm crazy about him. But I don't want any party in ringlets and crinolines to come floating from the dead past over my child's innocent cradle—""Alix, vou're awful!" Cherry laughed. "What way?" Alix demanded. "What way?" Alix demanded. "What way?"

"What way?" Alix demanded.
"Oh, about his—well, his children!"
"I should think that would be just the proof that I do love him." Alix persisted idly in her musical, mischlevous volce.

proof that I do love him," Allx persisted idly in her musical, mischlevous voice. "I certainly wouldn't want to talk of the children of a man I didn't—"Oh. Allx, don't!" Cherry's protested. "Anyway, you know better."

Alix laughed.
"I suppose I do. I suppose I ought to be a mass of blushes. The truth is, I like kids, and I don't like husbands—"Allx confessed, with engaging candor.
"You don't know anything about husbands." Cherry laughed.
"I know lots of men I'd like to go off with for a few months," Alix pursued. "But then I'd like to come home again! I don't see why that isn't perfectly reasonable—"""Well, it's not!" Cherry declared almost crossly. "That isn't marriage. You belong where your husband is, and you—you are always giad to be with him—"
But suppose you get tired of him, like to see a boarding house, or any of

"But suppose you get tired of him, like

bim—"
"But suppose you get tired of him. like a job or a boarding house, or any of your other friends?" Alix persisted idly. "Well, you aren't supposed to!" Cherry said, feebly. Alix let her have the last word: it was only due to her superior experience, she thought crossity. But half an hour later, lying wakeful, and thinking that she would miss dear old Cherry tomorrow, she fancied she heard something like a sob from Cherry's bed, and her whole heart softened with sympathy for her sister.

They came downstairs together the next day in midafternoon, both hatted and wrapped for the trip, for Peter was to take Cherry as far as Sausalito in the car, and Martin by a fortunate chance was to meet them there at the ferryboat for San Francisco.

Mill Valley was not more than an hour's ride from the ferry. Alix was to drive down and return with Peter. Cherry said good-by to her father in the porch; she seemed more of a puzzled child than ever.

"I've had a wonderful visit, dad—" she began bravely. Suddenly the tears came. She buried her face against her father's shabby old office coat and his arms went about her. Alix laughed awkwardly, and Peter shut his teeth. Anne, who had very properly come over to say good-by to her cousin, got in the back seat of the car and Alix took the seat beside her.

"Take a picture of Peter and me with the suitcases!" she said. "We must look so domestic!"

"Get in here, Cherry," Peter said, opening the door of the seat beside his own. "Doctor, we'll be back in about an hour—"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)



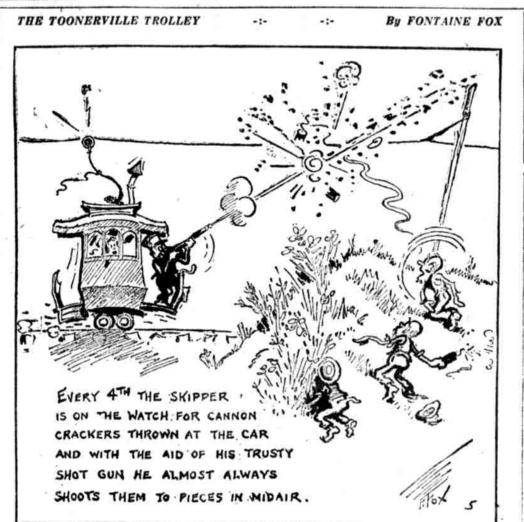


SCHOOL DAYS

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she knows she never could learn to use an adding machine as she's always been poor at arith-



By DWIG HELLO ANNETTE! FATHER JUST GIMME! A QUARTER SPEND JUST THE WAY SPENO IT. DO YOU. WANT TO GO ALONG TO THE CANDY STORE WITH ME ? OF COURSE, IF YOU'D RATHER DLAY WITH JACK STAY HERE " AND WRY , OF COURSE I CAN GET JUST THOUGHT MARY . HELLO JACK.

THE WAY OF A MAN WITH A MAID -





